MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

You, Mr. Reader, will find it greatly to your advantage, both to your appearance as well as to your pocketbook, to become a wearer of this

High Grade, Stylish Made of Men's Suits

such as we are offering to the public. Worth $10.00 and $12.00.

You can get a Suit for $4.50

between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the

Union Clothing Company

26 - 28 Charlotte St., opp. City Market

ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

The Captain of the Kansas

By LOUIS TRACY.

(Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at the Department of Agriculture.)

(Continued)

Christobal, who had missed no word of Blake's frenzied protest in the saloon, nor failed to note the manner of Courtenay's greeting, seemed to take the collapse of his own aspirations with the unmoved stoicism he had displayed in the face of danger.

"The ship's boats—" he began, but the captain raised his gun and fired twice aft along the side of the vessel. Cries of pain and a good deal of splashing in the sea proved that he had expedited the departure of several Indians who were perched on the rails beyond the reach of Walker's steam jet.

"The ship's boats," went on Christobal calmly, "have turned up in some mysterious manner, just in the nick of time. A few minutes more, and they would have been too late."

"But where have they come from? Where can they have been all these days?" whispered Elsie, whose eyes were so dimmed that she perforce abandoned the effort to make out what was going on in the sea near the ship.

"My brain reels under the wildest guesses. At present we are chiefly concerned in the fact that they are here. Yet people say that the age of miracles has passed; obviously a foolish remark."

Those who have been plucked from the precipice by a sleeve, as it were, are seldom able to concentrate their attention on the one thought which should apparently swamp all others. They either yield to the strain, and lapse into unconsciousness, or their minds become the arena of minor emotions, wherein trivialities play battledore and shuttlecock with the tremendous issues of the moment. When a more extended knowledge of all that had happened, joined to a nicer adjustment of the time-factor in events, enabled Elsie to realise the extraordinary deliverance from death which she had been vouchsafed that night, she began to appreciate the service which Christobel rendered her in discussing matters with such nonchalance.

Barely a minute had elapsed since they were in the throes of a struggle which promised to be the last act of a tragedy. The ship was then over-run by a horde of howling savages, maddened by the desperate resistance offered by the defenders, and ruthless as wolves in their lust for destruction. Now, the Kansas was clear of every bedaubed Alaculof, save the many who cumbered the decks, either dead or so seriously wounded that they could not move. These men were so near akin to animals, that this condition implied ultimate collapse save in a few instances of fractured skulls and broken limbs. From the final stake of a hopeless butchery the survivors of the ship's company were suddenly transferred to a position of reasonable security. It was not that the arrival of the ship's boats meant such an accession of fighting strength that the Alaculofs could not have made sure of victory. Gray and his companions were badly armed. The Indians remaining in the canoes could have pelted them to shreds in a few minutes. Even those on the ship had the power to resist any attempt by the newcomers to gain the decks. But the superstitious savages had already screwed themselves up to an act of unusual daring in delivering a night attack, and the appearance of boats filled with men of whose fighting qualities they had already such a lively experience quite demoralized them. They fled without attempting a counter assault. Just as negroes conjure up white demons, so did these nude Alaculofs regard with awe men who wore clothes. They were ready to kill and eat the strange beings of another race who, few in numbers and ill armed, wandered into their rock-pent fastness, but it was quite a different thing to face them in equal combat.

At last the sounds of conflict died away. The black waters closed over the dead; the last swimmer vanished into the silence. The spasmodic barking of the dog, the groaning of men lying on the decks and the shouts exchanged between Courtenay and Gray for the guidance of the boats, were the only remaining symbols of the fiercest crisis which had yet befallen the Kansas.

Elsie, wandering through a trance-like maze of vivid impressions, awoke with a start to the fact that Courtenay was giving directions for the lowering of the ship's gangway, meanwhile receiving information as to the identity of the boats beneath.

"Mr. Malcolm is in charge of the jolly-boat," Gray was saying. "Miss Baring and Mr. and Mrs. Somerville are with him. Miss Baring's maid is dead. Senor Jerrera is in my boat, Number 2. We have been on White Horse Island all this time, but we have seen nothing of the other life-boat."

That meant that two boats out of those which quitted the ship had arrived thus opportunely. Senor Jerrera was the Spanish mining engineer who had been hustled into one of the craft manned by the mutineers. And Isobel was actually sitting down there in the darkness a few feet away. How wonderful it all was! Elsie thought her heart would never cease its labored throbbing. Even yet her breath came in little gasps. How could the captain and Gray talk so coolly, as if some of the passengers and crew were returning on board the ship after an evening ashore? It was the bedizened savages who now assumed reality; the simple orders which dealt with the clearing of the falls and the lowering of a ladder became wildly fantastic.

And Christobal was saying:

"Well, Miss Maxwell, you and I can look forward to a busy night. The ship is littered with wounded men, and our newly arrived friends must be worn with fatigue."

His smooth, even sentences helped to dispel the stupor of amazement which had made her dumb. And the first reasoned thought which came to her was that the Spanish doctor had treated her with the kindness of an indulgent parent, for Elsie was too unselfish not to be alive to the unselfishness of others.

"How good you have been to me!" she murmured. "I can never repay you. I remember now that I said dreadful things to you in the saloon. But you did not know what it meant to me when I realized that Captain Courtenay might be falling even then beneath the blows of those merciless savages. I have not had a chance to tell you that he has asked me to be his wife, and I have consented. I love him more than all the world. And you, Dr. Christobal, you who knew my father and mother, who have grown-up daughters of your own, you will wish me happiness?"

It was not easy to bear when it came, although he had guessed the truth already. But he choked back the wrath and despair which surged up in him, and said with his stately courtesy:

"I do wish you well, Elsie. No man can hope more earnestly than I that you have made the better choice."

Then he turned, with a certain abruptness which reminded her of the change in his manner she had noticed once or twice during recent days, and quitted the bridge. She sighed, and was sorry for him, knowing that he loved her.

Courtenay, who had been far too busy to pay heed to anything beyond the brief fight between the boats and the canoes, perceived now that the gangway was in position; lights were shining on both the upper and lower platforms.

He stretched out his hand, and drew Elsie to him.

"Are you alone, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Kiss me, then, and go to meet your friends. They will be aboard in less than a minute. Oh, Elsie, I thought I had seen the last of you."

"Was it so bad as that?" she murmured, a great content soothing her heart and brain at her lover's admission that he was thinking of her during the worst agony of the fray. He gave her a reassuring hug.

"You will never know how bad it was," he said. "I cannot understand how we escaped. One moment it all looks like blind chance; the next I feel like going on my knees in thankfulness for the direct intervention of Providence. Those brutes ought to have mastered us a dozen times. I almost lost faith when I heard Tollemache shout that the saloon was in danger, but I could not leave the after deck, where four of us were keeping fifty in check. The least sign of yielding would have caused an overwhelming rush. Well, all's well that ends well. And not a sailor living can squeeze his best girl and do his work at the same time. Off with you, or I shall never bring you on a voyage in my ship again."

With her soul singing a canticle of joy she passed from the bridge to the lower deck. Mr. Boyle was waiting there, holding a lantern.

"Huh!" he growled, when he saw her, "p'raps you'll believe what I tell you before your hair turns gray, if not sooner. Luck! Did any man ever have such luck as the skipper? Why, if he fell off Mong Blong he'd find a circus net rigged up to catch him."

"I agree with you so fully, Mr. Boyle," she whispered, "that I am going to marry him."

"I guessed as much," he answered. "At any rate I fancied it wouldn't be for want of axing on his part!" He whirled off into a tempest of wrath because a sailor beneath had failed to keep a guide-rope taut. The occupants of the boats might have saved his life, but he would let them know that he was still chief officer for all that.

At last he stooped and gave his hand to some one who emerged from the darkness beneath.

"Glad to see you again, Miss Baring," he said gruffly. "And you, Mrs. Somerville. And you sir," to the missionary. "We thought you'd gone under, an' good folks are scarce enough as it is."

It was a wan and broken-spirited Isobel whom Elsie led to her cabin, but notwithstanding her wretched state, her eyes quickly took in the orderly condition of the room.

"I left my clothes strewed all over the floor," she said with a nervousness which Elsie attributed to the hardships she had undergone. "Why did you trouble to pack them away?"

Then Elsie told her of her hunt for the poudriere, and was so obviously unconcerned about any incident other than the adventures they had both experienced since they parted, that Isobel questioned her no further. A bath and a change of clothing worked marvels. Though thin and weak for want of proper food, neither Isobel nor Mrs. Somerville had suffered in health from the exposure and short fare involved by life on the island. It was broad daylight ere they could be persuaded to retire to rest, there was so much to tell and to hear.

(To be Continued.)

Here is a Prescription For Good Health

If you strengthen, vitalize and enrich the blood, you at once supply the body with renewed vigor and power to resist disease. But vitiate or deplete the blood in any way, and you sow ill-health and decay.

If from any cause your blood is impoverished, if your cheeks lack color, and you feel weary and unfit for work, you should at once use Ferrozone, because it contains all the elements lacking in weak blood. Ferrozone makes the blood rich in red cells, supplies those essential qualities that become exhausted through toil, anxiety, or long sickness.

You soon realize that Ferrozone is a helpful blood medicine because under its influence lost color comes back to blanched cheeks, appetite increases, food is assimilated, and forms nutriment that energizes and rebuilds all weak and overstrained organs.

To show just how Ferrozone has helped others, we quote the following letters. Read them carefully:

Mr. A. L. Godfroy of Victoria, writes: "Last winter I had la grippe, and recovered very slowly. When well enough to leave the house I was ten pounds lighter than my usual weight. My appetite was poor, and I know my blood was thin, because cold affected me so easily. I must say that Ferrozone did me untold good. I recovered my weight in a short time, and have felt like a different man ever since. Ferrozone is a great tonic and a first-rate remedy for people who are not feeling well."

No person in poor health can afford to miss the robust health that Ferrozone invariably brings. Refuse all substitutes for Ferrozone, which is prepared in the form of a chocolate-coated tablet, and sold in 50c. boxes, or six for $2.50, at all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., or Kingston, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

LACE COATS ACCESSORIES TO EVENING TOILETTES.

The simplest evening gown of any color may be made sufficiently dressy to grace any informal occasion by one of these beautiful lace evening coats. The pictured dress of sage green lansdowne brings out the beauty of the exquisite Renaissance lace coat worn with it. The lace is in the favorite chrysanthemum pattern, and around the edges at intervals of four or five inches are large silk-embroidered medallions of white chiffon.

HAD THIRTY-TWO BOILS ON HIS BACK AT ONE TIME.

TWO BOTTLES OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS CURED HIM.

Boils are simply evidence of the bad blood within coming to the surface.

Just when you think you are cured of one, another seems ready to take its place and prolong your misery.

The only way to rid yourself of boils, pimples, and all skin blotches and blemishes, so that they will never return to bother you again, is to have the blood thoroughly cleansed of all of its impurities.

For this purpose there is no other blood medicine to equal Burdock Blood Bitters.

It has been on the market for over thirty years, and in that time we have received thousands of testimonials stating positively that it will cure the worst known cases of boils.

Mr. James Combs, Eden, Ont., writes: "I think Burdock Blood Bitters a great medicine for boils. I had them so bad I could not work. I had thirty-two on my back at one time. I used only two bottles of B.B.B. and they completely cured me. I cannot recommend it too highly.

For sale at all Druggists and Dealers.

GIFTS MADE DURING YEAR

How Rockefeller, Carnegie and Other Multi-Millionaires Disposed of Their Wealth for the General Good.

(The Public Ledger)

In the year just passed John D. Rockefeller gave away a total of $44,419,500. Since January 1 he has added to this $2,191,000 for the University of Chicago, bringing his entire contributions to that institution up to the astonishing sum of $23,809,661.98. Mrs. Sage, second on the list, turned $13,489,700 over to various worthy causes. The aggregate of Carnegie donations was $13,148,775. Only a small portion, as recorded, went from each for charity, the expenditures being in behalf of some phase of educational advancement.

That large amounts in addition may have been devoted to alms, the incidents not being heralded, is an easy supposition. The grand total, as reckoned by statisticians, including the contributions of the munificent trio mentioned, and a long list of others, was $148,902,130, probably somewhat of an exaggeration, as it embraces the tentative offer of P. A. B. Widener for a museum, rating this at $10,000,000, and has lumped at $5,000,000 the James bequests, of which the value is unknown.

Notwithstanding possible inaccuracies, the figures must be viewed as amazing. Not only do they indicate existence of such fortunes as the world a short time ago had not known, but they indicate a spirit of liberality for which no precedent is to be found.

Mr. Carnegie alone has given away $170,000,000. Probably he has more now than when he began his futile essay to die poor. As to the wisdom of the methods that result in piling up such vast hoards that the inroads, made by liberal hand, cannot outrun accretion, question has often been raied. The particular channels into which Mr. Carnegie has elected to pour in golden floods may not always make appeal to the judgment of his contemporaries. His library scheme has excited opposition—even derision.

On the other hand the Rockefeller benfactions have been, to the common tatste, far more in accord with human needs, and lend themselves more directly to the promotion of human knowledge and the uplift of intelligence. It is a pleasure to observe that the Sage millions are being loosed, and to note that Mrs. Sage in apportioning them has displayed a fine discretion. What is known as the Sage foundation, equipped with an initial $10,000,000, may do as much for advancement along scholastic line as any similar sum ever dedicated to the work.

These generous donors demonstrate the resources of the country where conditions make possible largess on a scale of magnificence. They show, moreover, that even the people who have the faculty for "making money" have in view some higher purpose than to experience the emotion of possessing more than their neighbors. These people evince a willingness to share, and that this idea does not mean equal division with the profligate and incompetent is a circumstance that presents no basis for adverse criticism.

Toronto, Jan. 8—The Imperial Paper Mills and Northern Sulphite Mills, a $5,000,000 plant built by English capital at Sturgeon Falls, has been in difficulties for some time. Mr. Clarkson, the receiver, has received some excellent offers for the property from United States capitalists, and a sale is likely to be announced soon. The concessions granted to the company by the Ontario government guarantee it an almost inexhaustible supply of spruce.

The marriage of Lady Ruby Elliot, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto, to Viscount Errington, is to take place in the early part of this year.

NOSE COLDS

Simple Cure Has Been Discovered.

Few escape a cold this weather, but, alas! many colds run into catarrh.

Neglected catarrh is the straight gateway to consumption.

So look out—act now—use "Catarrhozone" and be cured!

Catarrhozone is a germ-killer—destroys the microbes that cause catarrh.

Then it heals and soothes.

This relieves the cough, gives throat and lungs a chance, cleanses the nostrils, clears out the phlegm.

You feel better in an hour.

In a day you're greatly relieved, and on goes the curing of Catarrhozone till you're well.

No treatment so direct. Catarrhozone goes right to the spot—acts quickly—cures thoroughly catarrh, bronchitis and all throat affections.

Complete two months' treatment for $1.00, guaranteed. Sample (trial) size, 25c. All dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

HE MARRIED A ST. JOHN GIRL

Edward H. Bulkeley, Newport Millionaire, Who Married Miss Margaret Stewart, Died Last Evening.

Newport, R. I., Jan. 8—Edward Henry Bulkeley, who was prominent in Newport social circles, died here tonight, in his fortieth year. Mr. Bulkeley's illness was of about one month's duration and consisted of kidney trouble which brought on heart failure, the latter causing his death.

His marriage less than two years to Miss Margaret Stewart, of St. John (N. B.), the hospital nurse, who was delegated from the Newport Hospital to attend him during an illness at that time, created much comment in Newport and New York society. The dead man's large fortune will revert to a son, born a fortnight ago, during the father's illness.

Santa Claus was present at the annual treat held in the Mission church Sunday school last evening when about 100 children enjoyed themselves greatly. At 5 o'clock the children gathered in the church and after evensong adjournment was made to the Sunday school, where a fine Christmas tree was in evidence. Rev. J. E. Revington-Jones presided. Mr. Morgan acted as Santa Claus and distributed presents from the tree among the children.

ZAM-BUK CURED A WHOLE FAMILY

Over and over again it has been demonstrated that Zam-Buk balm can cure scalp sores, eczema, scaley sores, ulcers, abscesses, etc., even when other remedies have signally failed. Mrs. G. M. Villiers, of 395 Stadacona Street, Hochelaga, Montreal, says: "My three young children contracted a kind of scalp disease and nothing I tried seemed able to heal the sores and cure the little ones of their trouble.

"I had used Zam-Buk myself for a bad finger which it healed very finely, so I thought I would give it a trial on the children's sores, and before long there was a marked improvement. I persevered with the treatment, until they were completely cured and their heads bore no trace whatever of the scalp disease which had defied so many preparations. As a family we have proved Zam-Buk a wonderful healer and would not be without it in the house."

ZAM-BUK CURES Eczema, Pimples, Running Sores, Spreading Scabs, Scalp Diseases, Poisoned Wounds, Festering Sores, Piles (Blind or Bleeding), Bad Legs, Diseased Ankles, Swollen Knees, Abscesses, Boils, Ulcers, Ringworm, Scurvy, Dandruff, Erysipelas, Sore Backs, Proud Flesh, Chapped Hands and all skin troubles.

Of all stores and druggists, 50c. a box, or post-paid on receipt of price from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 6 boxes $2.50.

TRIAL BOX FREE

Send this coupon (with 1 cent stamp to pay postage) to the ZAM-BUK CO., Toronto, and we will mail you a dainty sample of Zam-Buk free. I.K.9.

Zam-Buk

JAN. 9, '08.

GET HERE EARLY SATURDAY FOR THESE MATCHLESS CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS BARGAINS

The money-saving advantage of buying clothing at Oak Hall becomes more decided day by day. Making the clothing ourselves and selling it directly to you with but one profit added to the cost of production enables you to buy from us at practically the same prices other stores pay at wholesale. The savings ordinarily average 25 to 30 per cent., but during this sale, which opens Saturday, they will amount to *one-third to one-half of the generally prevailing prices.*

But come to the store and see It will give you ideas of the extent and importance of the sale as nothing else can.

Men's Furnishings --- Bargains Indeed

Fleece Lined Underwear, regular price 60c per garment.	Sale price 37c
Hesvy Ribbed All Wool Underwear, regular price $1.25 per garment.	Sale price 79c
Heavy Ribbed All Wool Underwear, regular price $1.50 per garment.	Sale price 98c
Hard and Soft Bosom Shirts, regular prices $1.00, $1.25, $1.50.	Sale price 79c
Hard and Soft Bosom Shirts, regular prices $1.75, $2.00.	Sale price $1.19
Black Sateen Shirts, regular price 75c.	Sale price 59c
Duck Shirts for workingmen, regular price 60c.	Sale price 37c
Flannel Topshirts, regular price 60c.	Sale price 39c
Flannelette Night Shirts, regular price 85c.	Sale price 59c
All Wool Sweaters, regular price $1.25.	Sale price 79c
Heavy Wool Socks, regular price 20c.	Sale price 11c
Black Worsted Socks, regular price 40c.	Sale price 26c

Suspenders, reg. price 35c., sale price 19c | Neckwear, reg. price 35c, sale price, 19c

4-Ply Linen Collars, 63c for half-dozen.

Entire stock of Hats Reduced.

Men's Overcoats.

Regular $6.50	OVERCOATS, Reduced to	$3.85
Regular 7.50	OVERCOATS, Reduced to	4.85
Regular 10.00	OVERCOATS, Reduced to	7.35
Regular 12.00	OVERCOATS, Reduced to	8.65
Regular 16.50	OVERCOATS, Reduced to	12.50
Regular 25.00	OVERCOATS, Reduced to	19.60

Men's Suits.

$6.50 TWEED SUITS, Reduced to	$4.95
12.00 TWEED SUITS, Reduced to	8.35
15.00 TWEED SUITS, Reduced to	10.85
18.00 TWEED SUITS, Reduced to	10.65
$12.00 Blue and Black Worsted Suits, Reduced to	$8.25
10.00 Black Cheviot Suits, Reduced to	7.75

Store Closed Today **Sale Starts Saturday**

The store will be closed all day today and tomorrow to enable us to prepare stock for sale. Everything will be plainly marked, showing regular prices. No goods on approval.

Extra Salesmen Wanted. Apply at once.

King Street, Cor. Germain, **GREATER OAK HALL,** SCOVIL BROS., LIMITED, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Branch Store, 695 Main St.,

Biggest attendance ever known to attend sale was here yesterday at the

Great Challenge Sale

Now going on at

S. W. McMackin's, 335 Main St.

Everybody was more than pleased with the manner in which this sale was conducted, and especially pleased with the GREAT BARGAINS that are being offered for these ten days of sale.

There Are Thousands of Bargains for All

No one should miss them. It would be a shame to stay away from a good thing---wouldn't it?

Follow the Crowd and Secure the Good Things Here for You

S. W. McMACKIN

335 Main Street. 'Phone Main 600.